

## Grey Area by flamehairedwritings

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Dirty Talk, F/M, Semi-Public Sex, Sex in a Car, Swearing, Unprotected Sex, Use of the word 'slut' in a non-derogatory manner, mildly rough sex

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Reader

**Relationships:** Jim "Chief" Hopper/You

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-01-13

**Updated:** 2018-01-13

**Packaged:** 2022-04-03 15:21:45

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 5,599

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Sometimes you just can't wait.

## Grey Area

### Author's Note:

A/N: This story was inspired by these requests & prompts on Tumblr:

@countryfire2 - "Can you do an imagine where hopper and the reader are getting it in than Jane interrupts them Smut/Fluff Please"

anon - "eeeeeeeeeeee i rlly can't resist..... 21 with hopper"

@sithlordslut - "1, 21, & 31 with Hopper for the smutty prompts!"

anon - "Ok so 11 and 16 with Hopper pls"

(1. "Teasing isn't very nice, sweetheart.", 11. "Take a risk, sweetheart.", 16. "I am the only one who is allowed to touch you like that." 21. "You need to stop sweetheart. you're gonna get yourself into trouble." 31. "you're playing a dangerous game.")

Thank you so much!

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Your skin is on fire. Every inch of you burns with need and a deep hunger throbs within you. The bedsheets are gripped tightly in one of your hands, and the fingers on the other are threaded through Jim Hopper's hair.

His lips are against your neck, pressing warm, wet, open-mouthed kisses to your skin in such a deliciously, tantalisingly slow way that you have to remind yourself to breathe. His hips are rocking against yours, his hard cock straining against his boxers and pressing against your panties and your aching clit.

"Jim..." you breathe, your teeth dragging over your kiss-swollen lower lip as you tip your head back.

"Mmh... What do you want, baby?" Jim rumbles against the crook of your neck, his hands still teasing away at your breasts, rolling your hardened nipples between his thumbs and forefingers.

Your tongue flicks out over your lips as you tug on his hair, drawing a leg out from underneath him and hooking it over his hip.

"Need more, Jim, please..." You also have to remind yourself to whisper, just about managing to keep desperate moans at bay.

"More, huh? More of what, baby, tell me..."

“Your fingers, your mouth, your cock, all of you, Jim, please...”

He groans at your husky words, his hips pressing down slightly harder. “Mmh, fuck, baby...” His lips move up and over your jaw, seeking your own. Your moan is, thankfully, muffled by his mouth as your arms slide around his neck, and his hand slides down from your breast to the waistband of your panties, slipping inside, and his forefinger strokes over your clit-

Two loud knocks sound against the bedroom door. Both of you stiffen. Your lips slowly part from his as your eyes open and you stare at him. His eyes remain closed. In fact, his face scrunches up slightly as he squeezes them shut. The knocks sound again, this time more insistent.

Pressing his lips together, Hopper then clears his throat and calls out, “Not right now, kid.”

“But we’re going to be late!” El answers from the other side of the door, her voice just slightly muffled by it.

“No, kid, we’ve still got some time.” You can almost hear the pleading in his tone.

“But we have to have breakfast first, you said it’s the most important meal of the day!”

You sink your teeth into your lower lip to try and stop a smile as

Hopper finally opens his eyes upon hearing his own words spoken to him, and exhales a long breath.

“... All right, just a second. See what’s on the TV, huh?”

You hear El quickly walk away to the living room area as soon as she hears “TV”.

Exhaling another breath, Hopper gazes down at you, shaking his head a little as he lifts a hand to cup your cheek, the pad of his thumb stroking along your cheekbone.

“I’m sorry, baby-”

“No, I know, I know...” you murmur, your hands settling either side of his neck as you inhale a long breath to try and clear the lust that still demands attention within you, the corners of your mouth lifting. “Tonight?”

A roughish smirk tugs at his lips as he dips his head to give you a firm, promising kiss. “You fuckin’ bet.”

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You do not get to fuck the man you love that night... Or the night after... Or the night after that... In fact, five days and nights go by and you can’t take it anymore.

Since that morning, when you'd both woken up a little earlier than usual and he had teased your body nearly to the brink, you hadn't had a chance to finish what you had so deliciously started. You had either had to go to work early, or he had, or finished work late, or he had, so you'd both just been too damn tired to give each other the attention you both deserved, or El had been around, or... There was reason after reason after reason, and each one brought a new level of irritation to you.

Hopper seemed to be fine, which was even more irritating. He'd steal a few kisses just before you fell asleep or before either of you left for work, and certainly didn't seem wound up like you were. You know he's not so good with words but, Jesus... It was getting more difficult for you to hide how much it was getting to you. You'd started to be short with customers at work, snap at your colleagues and now your skin was starting to prickle around Hopper. You didn't even have the chance to take care of yourself, and even if you did you wouldn't want to because no one could satisfy you like he could, not even yourself.

So, you'd told yourself to just be patient and wait...

... but on the sixth morning, you'd decided you'd had enough.

Standing at the kitchen counter, you spread butter across your slice of toast, scraping so harshly you almost pull a layer off. You can hear Hopper in the bedroom, humming along to the record that plays as he dresses, and it makes your shoulders stiffen. Pressing your lips together, you throw the knife into the sink, ignoring the loud clattering sound it causes, and bite down onto the slice, tearing a piece off and inhaling a long breath as you chew.

Hopper's humming grows louder as he approaches and your jaw clenches slightly. Standing beside you, he places his empty mug in the sink, then plucks the toast from your hand and takes a bite. Normally you wouldn't have minded. He's done it before. It's no big deal. You've even found it endearing. It's a 'couple thing'. But today...

Your jaw moves as he swallows, places the slice back in to your still raised hand and presses a kiss to your cheek.

"Okay, baby, I'll see you later."

"Yep, see you." You don't turn to look at him as he moves away to retrieve his jacket from the hook and pull it on. You hear him pick his keys up and turn back to you, expecting you, as you usually would be, to be closer, waiting to kiss him goodbye properly, and he pauses.

"... I'll see you later, baby."

"All right."

You hear his keys move slightly in his hands. "You oka-"

"Hopper." You drop the toast and turn suddenly, your hands gripping the ledge of the counter behind you.

“What is it, baby?”

It's the concerned, tender way with which he says it... It both infuriates and fuels you. Pushing away from the counter, you stride across the room towards him. His forehead dips as he watches you, his eyes widening a fraction.

“Sweethea-” Before he can even finish the word, you're up on your toes, hands cupping his face, and you're kissing him fiercely.

He releases a muffled sound against your lips, his arm quickly coming up to wrap around your lower back and steady you as you sway a little. You feel him start to straighten up slightly, his head beginning to pull back, and one of your hands slides around to the back of his neck, the other gripping onto the collar of his jacket. He lets out another sound, this one rather strained, and he pauses for just a moment before his other arm wraps around your waist as he opens his mouth to you. Stroking your tongue against his, you press further against him with a groan as you feel the keys dig into your back.

You need him. *Now*. Your hands drop and you fumble with his belt, unbuckling it swiftly before you unbutton his trousers. He grunts against your lips, his hands moving to your upper arms as he breaks the kiss.

“Mmh, baby, hang-”

“Please, Jim,” you breathe as you unzip his trousers, ghosting your



lips over his as both of you breathe heavily. "I need you, I need you so bad... I need your cock, Jim..." Your hand slides inside his boxers and his hips jerk as you run your fingers over his cock. He groans and grips your shoulders as you feel him twitch under your touch.

"Fuck, baby, Jesus Christ..." he exhales in one breath, his fingers digging in along with the keys.

You graze your teeth over his lower lip as your thumb glides over his tip. "I need you inside me, I-"

A horn blares outside. Both of you jump as you inhale sharply, your hand shooting up and gripping at his shirt. You hear a car pull up outside on the drive you and Hopper had cleared a couple of months ago to make access to the cabin easier, and a voice calls out.

"Mornin', Chief! Up and at 'em, we gotta go, we've had a call from Mrs Lacey again."

Callahan. Your eyes close as your head bows slightly. Hopper clears his throat and relaxes his grip on you as his hands slide down to your waist.

"Baby, I've gotta go," he says quietly, his fingers gently stroking against you.

You nod silently a few times, inhaling a slow breath as you open your eyes and carefully zip and button his pants back up. You jerk as the

horn blasts again, keeping your eyes down.

“Chief, we’ve got to get over there as soon as, come on! Don’t make me come in there!”

“I’ve really gotta go,” Hopper murmurs, dipping his head slightly to try and catch your eyes as you buckle his belt. “Hey...” You press your lips together as he lifts your chin with his forefinger, your arms falling to your sides as you meet his gaze. “I know, sweetheart, trust me I-”

The car horn blares for longer this time. His jaw clenching, Hopper drops his hand and turns, yanking the front door open. “I’ll meet you there, Callahan,” he calls out tightly before turning back to you without waiting for a response from his officer. His expression softens the moment he looks at you, your arms wrapped around yourself as you gaze at him, and he cups your cheek, dipping his head to press a kiss to your forehead.

“I’ll pick you up from work tonight,” he murmurs against your skin, his hand sliding down to the side of your neck.

Lifting your eyes as he pulls his head back, the corners of your mouth lift as you nod, just about managing to not look so dejected, *knowing* it’s not his fault... But, fuck, couldn’t he at least seem a little more disappointed? Isn’t he as wound up as you are? As desperate for you as you are for him? You’ve just fucking *thrown* yourself at him and...

“All right.” You make your smile widen. “Go on, you’ve got to work.”

He presses another kiss to your forehead before pulling away and heading out, down to his Blazer. You're about to close the door when he turns back to you.

“Oh, and sweetheart?”

Your head lifts as you arch an eyebrow. A faint smirk spreads across his lips.

“I can't wait to fuck you tonight.”

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You nearly go insane during your shift. His parting words had ignited a fire within you that just wouldn't go away. You hadn't been able to stop thinking about him, about what he's going to do to you, about what you're going to do to him, about how he's going to make you come... Now, as you clock off, you can't stand still and your panties are already damp from your growing anticipation. Stepping out of the door, your eyes land upon his Blazer immediately, and your breathing hitches involuntarily at the sight of him. He smiles, one corner lifting slightly higher than the other as you approach. His eyes follow you as you move to the passenger door, open it and slide into the seat.

“Hi, baby.”

“Hi,” you murmur, your gaze holding his as you place your bag and coat at your feet and strap yourself in.

“Good day?”

“Yeah. You?”

“Yeah.” His tongue traces along the bottom of his teeth as he looks at you, before he directs his attention to the road ahead and turns the key in the ignition.

You both fall into silence as he drives. Music plays softly from the radio, just about loud enough for you to catch a few lyrics here and there. It's late enough that, once you drive out of the centre of town, the roads are quiet and you don't see any signs of life, save for two other cars, a truck and someone walking their dog. You sit facing forward, your legs crossed, though your eyes keep sliding over to him. He doesn't look at you... Which somehow increases your anticipation. When you glance back over to him once more, your gaze lingers on his lips before travelling over him. His elbow leans against the car door, both hands on the wheel, and at first glance he would appear relaxed... But you can see his knuckles starting to turn white.

And you can't help yourself.

Uncrossing your legs, you spread them apart, lifting your hips and shifting down a little in your seat to make it easier to do so. He glances over at you briefly, his gaze returning to the road... Then it darts back over to you.

Your finger tips glide over your hips, down your thighs and to the hem of your dress, curling over it. Slowly, you pull it up. His eyes flick up to meet yours, then over to the road ahead.

“Teasing isn’t very nice, sweetheart,” he murmurs, a slight warning to his low tone.

You remain silent as you reveal your panties and the wet spot that dampens the middle of them. Fisting the hem of your dress in one hand, your other slides down to gently caress your covered, wet slit, and you don’t stop the soft moan that slips from your parted lips.

A muscle in his jaw moves slightly. “You’re playing a dangerous game.”

A ghost of a smirk plays across your lips as you watch him and tease at your pussy lips, gentle sighs escaping you. Then, you hook your thumbs over the waistband of your panties and draw your legs together, sliding them down and off of your feet before you spread your legs wide again. He shifts slightly, and your fingers return to your pussy, two of them stroking slowly up your soaking slit. He finally looks back over at you at the moan you release, his eyes dropping to watch your fingers, and you watch his jaw move again as he sees just how wet you are.

“You need to stop, sweetheart. You’re gonna get yourself into trouble,” he gravels as his eyes lock with yours.

“Pull over,” you murmur, your head leaning back against the seat as you drag your finger tips over your swollen clit, inhaling a sharp breath.

He stares at you, desire flashing in his darkened eyes. Lifting your hand, you slip your two, slick fingers into your mouth and wrap your lips around them, tasting yourself. A lingering moan sounds from your throat as you draw your fingers back out. He’s watched every move, his jaw clenched tightly.

Grazing your teeth over your lower lip, you reach your hand over and place it on the front of his trousers, feeling his hardening cock twitch under your touch. “Pull over. ” The two husky words leave you as you squeeze him, making his hips buck as his lips part with a hiss.

“Baby, we can’t,” he grinds out through gritted teeth, even as you feel his hips lift.

“Take a risk, sweetheart,” you purr, your finger tips tracing over the outline of his erection. “I need you.”

He doesn’t need anymore persuading. Within seconds he’s pulled up on the dirt by the side of the long stretch of road you were travelling on and killed the engine. Silence suddenly surrounds you, and on one side of you is dark woodland, the other empty road. Your hand has moved from him and flown to your seatbelt to unbuckle it, and you hear him doing the same. Then, you’re facing him, your chest rising and falling quickly as you meet his gaze.

“Come here.” That is not a tone to be argued with, and you certainly don’t want to.

Placing a hand on the back of his seat, you climb over, your knees settling either side of him, and his hands are on you in an instant. Gripping your waist, he pulls you onto his lap, your chest pressed against his, and captures your lips in a searing kiss. You moan into his mouth at finally feeling his body against yours, his clothed cock pressing against your soaking folds as both your lips part immediately, your tongues stroking at each other. Your hands roam up his shoulders to his hair, your nails grazing over his scalp as your fingers thread through it to keep him close, pulling a groan from him.

Hopper’s hands slide around to your front and grip the hem of your dress, tugging it up your body. He tears his lips from yours to pull the dress over your head, your arms automatically lifting, and drop it to the floor before his hands hold your hips and his mouth is on your neck. Your mouth drops open with a gasp as he attacks your skin, sucking, biting, licking and kissing at it, causing marks you know will still be there in the morning. The thought causes a fresh wave of arousal to soak your pussy lips. Gripping at his shoulders, your hips start to rock as you crave friction to assuage the burning desire within you.

Leaning your head against his, you inhale ragged breaths as your clit presses against the rough fabric of his trousers.

“This is against the law, isn’t it, Chief?” you breathe, the corners of your mouth lifting as your eyes close at the feel of his hands sliding up your back.

“It’s a grey area,” he growls, unclasping your bra and lifting his head

to pull the straps down your arms. A shiver runs down your spine, both from desire and being exposed to the cooler air of the car, your nipples beginning to harden as he tosses your bra aside. Before you can return your hands to his shoulders, he catches your wrists in his hands and keeps them down. Your fingers flex automatically as your eyes snap open, but before you can say a word he bows his head and captures your hardening nipple between his lips. You cry out softly as he sucks and tugs at it with his teeth, making your hips buck which just makes him suck harder as you rock against his erection.

“Jim...” you gasp as he switches to your other nipple, keeping a firm grip on your wrists as he feels you try to lift them, wanting to tug and pull at him in your need.

“Fuck, baby, you’re getting my trousers wet...” he groans, his tongue swirling around your slick nipple. “... Is that how desperate you are, huh? Is that how badly you need my cock?”

A whine escapes your throat as you sink your teeth into your lower lip, your head tipping back. “Fuck, Jim, please...” you breathe, your back arching. “... Please, I need you...”

He groans again and suddenly releases your hands. Your arms quickly fly up to wrap around his neck as he leans forward, swiftly pulling his jacket off and shoving it onto the passenger seat. Shifting slightly in the seat, his lips are on yours once more, his tongue plunging into your mouth and coaxing yours out as you release a muffled moan. You feel his hands drop between you and hear his belt unbuckling a few moments later, the sound making you moan again as one of your hands grips at the back of his neck.

Then, you feel his slick tip parting your wet lips and brushing over



your clit. You break the kiss with a sharp moan that mingles with his grunt as your hips jerk forward.

“Mmh, oh, *fuck*, pl-” Your plea breaks off with a sharp cry as he finally, *finally* pushes inside you. Your eyes roll back slightly as you close them, not moving as you feel his thick cock slowly stretching and filling you. His lips are by your ear as he pushes into you, whispering incoherent curses and filthy promises that you can barely focus on.

“... you feel me, baby, huh... You feel me deep inside you... I am the only one who is allowed to touch you like that... No one else, baby... Fuck... You feel so good around my cock, so wet and so fuckin’ tight...”

Finally, he’s buried entirely inside you and a faint whimper slips from your lips as he stills. One hand rests on your lower back and the other on your hip, keeping you in place as both of you just feel one another. You grip at his shoulder, your head bowed and resting against his so you don’t knock it against the ceiling of the car, your breathing ragged. It’s so intimate, having to be pressed so close against him, his cock filling you completely, and you can feel his heart beating firmly, faster than usual, under your other hand.

You need more, and by his tightening grip on your hip so does he. Later, you’ll smile to yourself at the knowledge that he’s waiting for you to give permission, for you to give the command that you’re ready, but right now it just draws an impatient sound from the back of your throat as your hips lift a little. He grunts as you do, his head tipping back and his fingers pressing into your hip to keep them down.

“Jesus, fuck...” he hisses out through gritted teeth. Lifting his eyes, his gaze locks with yours as you pull your head back and try to lift your hips again, your teeth sinking into your lower lip. “... You want more, baby, huh?”

His hand moves from your lower back and he starts to guide your hips, making them lift and drop in a tortuously slow rhythm. You arch your back slightly as you release a lingering moan, a heady mix of impatience and relief surging through you. He feels so good, so *fucking* good, but it's not enough, not after this week, and he knows it. Knowing he's stronger than you, though, and the very knowledge of that only fuelling your lust, you're unable to do anything but grip at him and moan desperately, unable to take your eyes off of his.

“Come on, Jim, please...” you breathe, making your slick walls clench around him as he lifts your hips.

He groans as his jaw clenches, and you can see the tight hold he's trying to keep on his control. Licking your lips, you part them, deliciously filthy words about to pour from them in the hopes of coaxing more out of Hopper, when you notice two beams of light out of the back window, drawing closer. He feels you stiffen slightly, and his eyes dart up to the rear view mirror.

Then, they're back on you.

“What is it, sweetheart? You don't want someone to see you like this, hm?” His chin has tilted up, his lips against your ear. “You don't want someone to know what a desperate little slut you are?”

The moan that tumbles from your lips even surprises you. He releases a low laugh, one hand sliding up to settle on the back of your neck, his other remaining on your hip and continuing to guide your movements, quickening them just a little. The vehicle nears and you can't take your eyes off of it, your nails digging into his shoulder.

“You like that don't you, you little slut? What if someone did see you like this, hm? Someone saw you sitting here on my lap, my cock deep inside you, so fuckin' desperate for me to fuck you and let you come.”

You whimper as your hips jerk in your effort to try and get him to let you rock faster, the vehicle, a van, closer now and you still can't take your eyes off of it.

“Jim, please...” you breathe, your body practically humming with need, and you start to bow your head as the van nears. Suddenly his hand is gripping your hair and tugging your head back, pulling a short, sharp cry from your lips.

“No, no, no...” he murmurs, “... You're gonna watch them, and they're gonna watch you, sweetheart... So why don't you be a good little slut and show them how much you need my cock.”

Hawkins is a small town, you could know the people in the van and-

The moment you feel his grip relax on your hip, you can't stop yourself. Whimpering with relief, both your hands clutch at his shoulders as you ride his cock, rising and falling in a quick rhythm. He releases a long groan as he keeps a tight grip on your hair, keeping your head back, and your eyes are fixed on the van as it

drives by, and you can't help but be so impossibly turned on. It only takes a couple of seconds for the van to pass, barely that, but it doesn't stop the delicious thrill that courses through you, your eyes darting back over to look with his.

A faint smirk pulls at his lips as his hand slides from your hip to your ass, squeezing one of your cheeks firmly. "D'you think they saw you, sweetheart?" he grunts, "D'you think they saw how fuckin' desperately you're ridin' my cock? Saw how fuckin' needy you are?"

You exhale a low moan as you grip at the back of the seat so you can rock your hips harder, and he releases your hair so he can grip at your waist with both hands, not guiding you this time, letting you take full control as he loses a hold on his own.

"Fuck, I've needed you so badly, baby..." he groans roughly, his gaze locked on you.

Your tongue flicks out over your lips as your hand settles on the side of his neck, your brow dipping slightly. "I thought..."

"Mmmh, you thought what, baby?"

"... I thought that you weren't really... That you didn't want me."

The lust clears from his vision for a moment as he blinks, concern spreading across his features, before it's quickly replaced with a burning intensity.

“Jesus Christ, sweetheart, are you fuckin’ kidding me, I’ve wanted you so fuckin’ badly. You don’t know how badly, baby, you’ve got no fuckin’ clue... I always want you.”

The breathless smile that tugs at your lips lasts for only a few moments before you cry out sharply as he starts to lift his own hips, fucking up into you.

“I will always fuckin’ want you...” he murmurs in a slightly strained tone, thrusting harder as his hand lifts to cup your cheek, forcing you to keep looking at him. “... I’ve thought about you all week... I thought about you all fuckin’ day... When you touched my cock this morning... *Fuck*... I wanted to bend you over and fuck you until you were sore and screaming my name...”

You’re now moaning on every exhale as the pleasure you had sought all week starts to build within you, your lower stomach muscles tightening, and it’s only increasing with every word he says.

“Fuck, Jim...” you gasp, your back arching as he fills you completely with every roll of his hips.

“That’s it, baby...” His hand falls and his thumb starts to lightly brush over your swollen clit, contrasting his hard and fast thrusts. “... That’s it, feel all of my cock... Come on, baby, I need you to come for me...”

It’s all you need to send you crashing over the edge. A myriad of

sensations overwhelm you as your mind goes blank and you fall apart, bowing your head and crying out his name, and his hands are suddenly on your hips, holding you securely as he thrusts up into you, sending you higher and higher in your climax.

“That’s it, sweetheart, oh, fuck, you feel so fuckin’ good...” He exhales the words in one breath, nearly slurring them as your slick walls clench tightly around him, coating his cock in your release. His hips jerk as he suddenly stiffens and growls, one of his hands falling to grip at your thigh, hard enough to bruise. Gritting his teeth, he releases a strangled yell as he comes, buried deep inside you.

Through your hazy mind, you relish the feel of him clutching onto you, keeping you as close as possible, you relish the growled curses and grunts he elicits into your ear that have you whimpering weakly, and you relish the bone-deep satisfied feeling that sweeps over you as you slowly come down from the high you have craved all week.

Your head has ended up on his shoulder, your breaths ragged and short. It’s the only sound that fills the Blazer for a few minutes. Then, he shifts slightly and you release a small sound, half in contentment, half in protest. You feel him smile against your neck as he places a gentle, lingering kiss to your skin that just has you making another sound.

“You okay?” he murmurs, the smile shining through in his voice.

“I am now,” you reply with a soft exhale, lifting your head and opening your eyes to give him a lazy, satisfied smile.

He laughs under his breath, a hand lifting to cup your cheek as his thumb strokes along your cheekbone. He’s quiet as he gazes at you,

his smile fading.

“I’m sorry about this week, baby.”

Inhaling a breath, you place your hands against his chest so you can support yourself as you pull back a little to shake your head at him, opening your mouth to respond, but before you can he continues, “I should’ve said something but you’d been workin’ so hard and you were so tired. I didn’t want you to feel like you had to.”

Your lips purse slightly as you try and stop the corners of your mouth from lifting.

“... Are you fucking kidding me, Hopper? I have been in torment all week thinking you would feel like you had to.”

He arches an eyebrow, a smirk spreading across his features. “Sweetheart, if you were so desperate for my cock you should’ve just swung by the station on your- ow.”

He raises his eyebrows as you punch his arm, failing miserably to hide your smile.

“Shut up, Hopper.”

“Oh, you do one thing that’s potentially illegal and you think you’re some sort of bad girl, huh?”

You inhale sharply as his arms lock around your waist and he tugs you against him once more, his lips and teeth attacking your neck as you wriggle with a grin.

“... Think you can go round punchin’ cops and makin’ ‘em come, huh...”

You laugh as you try and push your forearms against him, trying to turn your head away. “Hop- *Hopper*, stop it, I-” You trail off with a soft sound, one that comes out far more breathy and moan-like than you would have liked as he sucks at the point where your neck meets your shoulder.

“Mmh, there we go...” you hear him murmur as you still in his arms, and you tut at how utterly smug he sounds, pulling your head back and opening your mouth to curse at him, when his lips swiftly capture yours.

Releasing a sound that vaguely resembles a huff against his lips, you relent, your hands settling either side of his neck.

“... Bastard...” you mutter as he finally pulls away, drawing a laugh from him.

Tilting his head back, his hands rest on your hips, caressing your skin gently. “... You really thought I didn’t want you?”



Lifting your gaze to his, you nod quietly after a few moments, one corner of your mouth lifting a little sheepishly.

“Sweetheart...” He exhales a breath as he cups your cheek again. "I will always want you. I will always want your smile, your laugh, your joy and your body... this beautiful, responsive, sexy fuckin' body..."

Your smile widens as his hand on your hip squeezes you gently, his eyes roaming your naked body.

“... I will always want my sexy little slut...”

You can't help the laugh that escapes you as you shake your head at him, your eyebrows raising.

"Yeah, well, this sexy little slut can't feel her legs, Hopper, so..."

“Oh, shit...” His hands moving instantly, he grips your waist and lifts you off of his softened cock, a faint sound leaving you at the loss of contact, and holds you steady as you carefully straighten your stiffened legs with a soft groan.

Moving back over to the passenger seat, you collapse onto his jacket with a hum, stretching your arms up as high as you can and your legs out as far as you can, your eyes closing. When you open them, you find Hopper's gaze roaming your body once more, lust reigniting within them.

Tipping your head to the side, you graze your teeth over your lower lip as you pull his jacket on and leave it unzipped, your eyes remaining on his.

“I think you’d better get us home, Chief.”

“I think I’d better. I’m nowhere near done with you yet, sweetheart.”